

THE CRESCENT.

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NO. 3.

Some Up-to-Date Adventures.

It has been my fortune to have passed a few years in this monotonous, uneventful age of the world. I have never been devoured by a lion in the wilds of Africa, nor felt the tender embrace of a polar bear among the ice fields of the far North. Still, there have been some experiences during my short sojourn in this vale of tears which can not be recalled without sending a shiver down the marrow of my backbone. I will endeavor to describe some of these terrible ordeals, but words are too weak to paint the horror of the events themselves.

Well do I remember one dark night last August. My brother, "Sauer Kraut," and myself were enjoying our summer's outing among the harvest fields of Gilliam county, Oregon. We finished one job that afternoon, and had already engaged to work with another outfit which was to start the next day. With all our worldly treasures, the most important of which was a good roll of blankets, upon our backs, we set out late in the evening and safely reached our destination. Everybody was asleep and silence reigned supreme. Even the pigs had ceased their quarreling and were snoring peacefully in the pen.

We found the barn and entered within. It was as dark as those well-known black cats. All was strange, and we did not know which way to turn. Along one side could be heard the happy and cheerful songs with which tired men pass the night. We did not go in that direction, as it is not always wise to disturb the slumbers of a thresher, for various reasons which I will not stop to name. After considerable investigation we found means of climbing up on the

loft, and our blankets were soon spread on the sweet-smelling hay. It was a warm night, so warm that we lay down upon the outside of our blankets and were soon exploring the mysteries of dreamland. Some time afterwards I awoke and concluded it would be much more comfortable within bed than in such an exposed position. I awoke my still snoring relation and confided to him my conclusions. He agreed with me without argument.

While preparing to carry out our convictions, there suddenly came a terrible sound. It came from the hay, not two feet from where my head had been, and seemed to be a cross between a heavy snore and a light growl. The air grew damp and chill. I could feel my hair rising to the occasion. It stood at full length in every possible direction, while my scalp contracted six sizes in half as many seconds. There was a sudden falling of temperature in the region of my spinal column, while the blood seemed to sink down into my ample feet. That queer piece of mechanism, usually called a heart, left its accustomed station and took up a commanding position back of my false teeth. The silence following that awful sound was appalling.

I made a slight move. Again it came, more terrifying than before. My scalp shrank several sizes more. Another move; the same result. Out of sheer terror I now slowly put out my hand. O horrors! I felt what seemed to be coarse hair. My investigations provoked a response more threatening than any before.

All my past life rose before me. O, how I wished I had not jumped out of the back window during study hours at old P. C. The thought of meeting a violent end away out there among the rocks and sagebrush was terrible. Then came the thought: I will die fighting; I will sell my life dear. I managed to swallow my rebellious heart sufficient to whisper, "Sauer kraut, Sau-er Kraut, w-where is y-o-u-r s-s-h-o-o-e." Through chattering teeth he replied,

"I do-o-n't k-n-o-w." At last my wandering hand came in contact with one of those formidable weapons. Now, my brother's shoe is of a goodly size. I seized the construction by the forward end and began to strike for dear life in the direction of my unseen enemy. At the same time I was prepared to lay down my shoe and cross to the shining shore. My third blow landed home. There was a dull thud, a grunt of surprise, a sound of a heavy body going through the air and landing a few feet away. This was followed by another leap, and another, until our unseen enemy stopped about twenty feet away, and all was still. As it leaped and struck in the hay, it sounded to us to be somewhat lighter than an elephant.

Now we crawled into bed, and I lay with my faithful shoe tightly grasped in my hand. As we lay there listening for some move on the part of our vanquished foe, we discussed the habits of almost every animal which exists upon the face of the earth., but could find nothing which would fill the bill. At last we fell into a troubled sleep and dreamed dreams better imagined than described. I awoke just as the first harbinger of morning came through the eastern cracks. I looked in the direction in which we last heard our enemy. There I saw sitting in the straw and eyeing me with a reproachful look in her mild eyes—an old turkey hen. Beside our bed was a deserted nest.

TENDERFOOT, '06.

The Mysterious Card.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

(Concluded.)

He told her that it would be utterly impossible for him to go there, and (woman-like) she demanded to know the reason.

He still hesitated about showing those two words to

her, but told her the whole story of his misfortunes since I had come into his possession.

"Well, let me see the card," she said, and he reluctantly gave me to her. She looked at the words in light blue ink for a full minute; then, with a look of utter hate and scorn, she turned on her husband. "You brute!" she almost screamed; was gone and he never saw her again. Of course he was deeply cut by this unmerited desertion, and, broken-hearted, he returned to America by the next steamer.

When he arrived in New York he went to his place of business, where his partner (a former college chum), who understood French perfectly, was attending to the routine of duties for them both.

After the first greetings were over, his partner noticed that something seemed to be troubling his friend, so he asked what was the matter.

My owner then rehearsed to his friend everything that had happened since that night in the Paris theater, and then asked his partner if he would stand by him, no matter what might happen.

On his partner's promise and request for that ill-fated card, he gave me to him, saying, "Well, here's the infernal thing!"

His friend looked at me for an instant; then his eyes caught the meaning of those two words in blue ink, and he broke down and cried like a child.

"Jack," he said, when he could speak; "Jack, I'm very, very sorry, but we must part—we'll have to dissolve partnership."

After trying his best to dissuade his friend from his purpose, my owner tried to get him to at least translate those two words for him, but it was in vain, for his former partner would say nothing whatever about them.

After settling his business affairs as best he could, my

unfortunate owner determined to study French himself and thus find out the meaning of those horrible words which had robbed him of his business, friends and family.

As he was returning in his carriage from his first lesson, who should he happen to see in a passing carriage but this self-same woman who had caused all his trouble. He immediately ordered his coachman to follow the other carriage, and he thus learned her address.

The next day he went to this house and rang the door-bell. No one came. He rang again and again, till, finally, the door was opened by a little, old, humpbacked man, with piercing, deep-set eyes and a long, shaggy beard, who looked at our friend for a moment and then asked him what he wanted.

My owner replied that he wished to see the French lady who lived there, but was told that she was very ill and could see no one.

The now desperate man replied that it was a case of life and death—that he **MUST** see her; so finally the old man let him into the darkened sick room, where in a large chair, half reclined, sat my former owner with closed eyes, as if in a trance.

My present owner approached her chair and spoke to her. She half opened her eyes. Then, thrusting me in front of her face, he demanded to know the meaning of the words on my face. She looked at them for an instant, then sprang to her feet; crouched half standing, half kneeling; her eyes burned like coals of fire as she gazed straight at my owner; her muscles stiffened as if for a spring; her teeth gnashed; she gave an unearthly scream and was dead.

The man, horrified, now looked at me and found on my face—a blank!

Basket Ball Notes.

Basket ball enthusiasm continues at the same high pitch with which it started. The first and second teams have been chosen and spirited games are being played every evening.

The first game of the season will be played against the town team on December 23 in the college gymnasium.

After Christmas, games are being arranged with Willemette University, McMinnville, Dallas and Monmouth colleges.

The second team will probably meet the McMinnville Commercial Class and the Dayton Parairie High School during the early part of the season.

The first team as they are playing at present are: Forwards, W. Pemberton and Newman; guards, Coulson and Macy; center, Hodson; subs, Maris and Johnson.

The second team at present consists of F. Maris and Cahill, forwards; Johnson and Spaulding, guards; Hoskins, center; subs, Haworth and Seely.

Prospects are very bright for a good team this year and it should have the hearty support of the school both in practice and match games.

Notice!

While the students are busily engaged in the various duties of student life, there is one phase which is being sadly neglected.

In 1900 the college spirit ran very high; yell after yell was coined and yelled with intense enthusiasm. That they were first-class yells is proved by the fact that during that year a number of colleges and universities of the valley asked for copies of our yells and are now appropriating

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some of them for their own use.

However, since then there has not been the spirit shown which was so manifest that year. In fact, the students have so sadly neglected their duty in this respect that hardly a yell has been coined since 1900. The result is, we as a student body have no yells with which to show our college spirit, and the other colleges are beginning to consider us rather behind on the yell question.

There is absolutely no reason for this state of affairs. We have as good yell composers in school as we ever have had. The State Oratorical Contest will be held here this year, and if we do not awake to our duty in this matter very soon, that event will find us without a single new yell.

Now, we will all agree that this would be a very lamentable state of affairs. The thing, therefore, for each of us to do is to awake to his own individual responsibility in the matter. Appoint yourself a committee of one to compose a yell. If each one goes at it in this spirit, old P. C. will be well fitted to support her orator at the coming contest.

Now, students, it's up to you and "What shall the harvest be?" We hope it will be about 100 new yells for the yell committee to pick from.

The College Song.

The college song spoken of in another issue has at last been chosen and will very soon be set to music by Prof. C. W. Kantner.

About eighteen productions were submitted to the committee, and after much thought and discussion they selected one taken from two of the productions. The joint authors are Cecil Hoskins '07 and Ray Pemberton '06. The song is as follows:

*Crescent
Jan. 1905*

THE CRESCENT.

Close beside Chehalem's Mountain,
Is the College we adore;
Like an everflowing fountain,
She will stand forevermore.
Where she stands we'll ne'er forget it,
Near the old Willamette's banks,
And in years we'll ne'er regret it,
That we entered in her ranks.

Chorus.

'Tis the good old Quaker College,
And we'll shout her worthy name;
Where we gained our store of knowledge,
In her halls of honor's fame.
And we'll always in this manner
To our mother school be true,
'Neath Pacific College banner
Of Old Gold and Navy Blue.

Comrades, come and raise your voices,
Let us praise Pacific, dear,—
While with her your heart rejoices,
Spread her glory far and near.
Then a rousing cheer we give her,
'Tis the least that we can do;
Old P. C. we'll love forever,—
Her Old Gold and Navy Blue.

When the four loved years of college,
Shall have long since slipped away,—
When with worldly care and knowledge,
Many a head is turning gray,
Still we'll shout her praise the louder
And our hearts give echo true,
As we cheer our Alma Mater,—
Our Old Gold and Navy Blue.

The First Basket Ball Game.

The first basket ball game of the season was played in the college gymnasium December 23 between the college and town teams. Both teams had been practicing hard for this game, and the crowd was treated to an exhibition of hard, fast ball. The college team had the better of it in team work, while the town team had more experienced players.

The game was called at 8 p. m., and within the first five minutes of play each team had thrown a goal. Then for about ten minutes neither side scored, then suddenly by some pretty team work the college secured a second basket. This process was repeated once more during the first half, making the score when time was called 6 to 2 in favor of the college.

During the first of the second half the town team braced up and at last succeeded in making the score 14 to 13, still in favor of the college, however. After this they were unable to score, but the college succeeded in throwing another basket, thus making the score 16 to 13 in favor of the college when time was called.

This game showed the need of better team work for the college, and also showed that we have a good team this year which will stand on a par with any of the valley teams. The line-up was as follows:

College.		Town.
Macy.....	g f.....	Blair
W Coulson.....	g f.....	Heater
Hodson.....	c.....	O. Maris
Pemberton.....	f g.....	D. Coulson
Newman.....	f g.....	Dailey
Subs, P. Maris and Johnson.		
Officials, Prof. Jones and Herbert Cash.		
Length of halves, 20 minutes.		

German Entertainment.

On the evening of December 22 the patrons of the college were treated to a novelty in the way of a German entertainment given by the German department of the college, of which Mrs. Douglas has charge. Owing to unforeseen circumstances, two of the numbers had to be omitted, but with these exceptions the program was carried out as planned. The entertainment was a success from start to finish and reflects much credit, both on those taking part and on their professor who had charge.

At the close of the entertainment, the new college song was sung for the first time in public and was received with much enthusiasm. The program as carried out is as follows:

Chorus, "Deutschland uber Alles" (Germany above everything else).....	
Poem, "Das Schloss am Meer".....	Uhland
(The Castle by the Sea.) Translation. Longfellow.	
Lillian Nicholson.	
Instrumental Duet, "Midsummer Night's Dream".....	Mendelssohn
Prof. and Mrs. Kantner.	
German Scene.....	Afternoon Call and "Kaffeeklatsch"
Fraulein Scheckenberger, lady of house.....	Marie Hanson.
Frau Kranzler, first caller.....	Ruth Romig.
Gretchen, her little girl.....	Marion McGrew.
Fraulein Blankenholz, second caller.....	Nora Parker.
Poem, "Der Fischer" (The Fisher).....	Goethe
Mabel Newby.	
Song, "Vergissmeinnicht" (Forget-me-not).....	
German Zither Solo, "Troubadour Serenade".....	
Fred Holznagel.	
Scene, First Grade Arithmetic Class.....	
Sophomores.	
Declamation, "Belsazar" (The Handwriting on the Wall).....	Heine
Verda Crozer.	
Song, Mannerchor Jagersleben. (The Hunter's Life).....	
Sophomores.	
Dialogue, "Versalzen". (Too Salty).....	Benedix
Bertha, the young wife.....	Martha Ritter.
Arnold, her husband.....	Wilfred Pemberton.
Herr Wittkow, her uncle.....	Ernest Bales.
Ulrike, her aunt.....	Mary Minthorn.
Trudchen, her waitress.....	Myrtle Gause.
Her Seeberg, Arnold's friend.....	Ray Pemberton.
Fido, the aunt's dog.....	
Solo, "The Happy Fatherland".....	English
Walter Miles.	
Chorus, "The Watch on the Rhine".....	
Juniors and Sophomores.	

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THE CRESCENT.

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When Demosthenes was asked what is the first thing in oratory, he answered, "Action." And when asked what is the second thing, he said, "Action;" and the third, and he said, "Action." All the great orator may have meant we may not interpret, but in his answer lies a truth worthy our immediate consideration. What is before us? A spirited state oratorical contest to be held here, entertained by our college. And what leading up to it? Much preparation for the local contest, and a local contest with such spirit as we have never yet known. There rests on each student a

peculiar duty to make the whole oratorical movement successful this year. What is the first thing? Not satisfaction with a splendid past record. What is the second thing? Not a calm willingness to let somebody else do it all. What is the third thing? Not a weak notion that we can do nothing. What is the first, second, third thing? "Action," "Action," "Action!"

The new forensic class which is to be led by Prof. Wright promises to be a great success. A large number of fellows realize the opportunities for self improvement which it offers, and we are preparing to make the most of them. Every science has some fundamental principles, a knowledge of which is necessary for a perfect grasp of the subject. The purpose of this class is to go to the bottom of things and study the principles which underlie the science of debate. We will not have long to wait for a chance to use this knowledge, as P. C. must soon meet another college in this field. This means hard work, but it is hard work which wins. Every fellow in school should be willing to do his part of this hard work. Let us go into this with a will, each determined to win a place on the first team. Somebody is going to get there, and whoever he is, just in proportion as he had to scratch to win his place will he be stronger and more capable to carry the banner of Pacific College to victory, and every fellow who has made him scratch will be the stronger for his efforts. After he has won his place, we should make him scratch to hold it. If the crowd which met in Prof. Wright's room the other day to discuss this matter go into this business with determination, a team will be developed which will sweep everything before it. Fellows, what are you going to do about it? It is up to you.

Local and Personal.

"The alumni must be beaten."

The students say, "95 chances out of 10 I'll flunk in exams."

"Say, Mary, are you still looking in the Bible for the book of Paul?"

Students, please don't be late and miss the chapel talks. They sometimes hit you.

Harry Walther and Glenn Patterson ate turkey at their home in The Dalles on Thanksgiving.

Prof. Lawrence spent Thanksgiving vacation in Eugene consulting Prof. Condon on certain branches of work.

The president says it's too bad to spoil so many "social engagements" by ringing the bell at noon. Are you guilty?

The students got a glimpse into society circles on the 15th in the form of a ladies' quartette, which was highly appreciated, "as it war."

During the Thanksgiving vacation, Fred Wilson, Dollon Kenworthy and Walter Miles attended the state Y. M. C. A. convention held at Salem.

Prof. Partington is looking pleased to think the orations are all corrected and handed back. He needn't get happy yet, for still there's more to follow.

The Junior and Sophomore German classes are working hard to fulfill the requirements for the German recital. Better bring your German dictionaries.

In Soph. Greek. Junior W. M.—"How does beast of burden end?"

Prof. Douglas—"It usually ends in a tale." (Tail.)

We hear that Calvin Blair, '04, is at Laidlaw, Eastern Oregon. He is surveying and batching. It might be that some cook could find employment. Write for information

to Bend, Oregon.

We hear that some of the dormitory boarders have to breast the cold air while the faculty members toast themselves by the fire. Woe unto him who has fire and giveth his neighbor none.

The long-looked-for college caps arrived last Thursday. They are navy blue, with the P. C. monogram in old gold. About eighty have been sold and they present a very attractive appearance.

Prof. Jones surprised the Junior girls the other morning by bracing up and telling them in plain language a thing or two concerning the advisability of occasional real study and sacrifice of whispering.

Examination time is comin' around once again,

And there ain't no feller livin' sorrier than me,

For the way I've fooled away my time is a sin,

Which is the why and wherefore, as you can plainly see.

Exchanges.

The Weekly Willamette Collegian—more and more athletics.

The Spectator has a novel way of filling up space not used by ads.

The letters from an Oxford student given in the Earhamite are very interesting.

The description of the rhetoric class given in the Bliss College Monthly is very vivid.

All the Oregon exchanges are beginning to talk orations. That's the way we feel about it.

The Phonograph comes to us this month for the first time. It is a very welcome and interesting exchange.

U is for uncles. Some girls have a host,
To judge by the cousins of which they can boast.—Ex.

The college represented by the Evergreen must be very largely devoted to athletics from the appearance of the paper.

The exchanges are as interesting as any other part of the Index, and that is more than can be said of some other papers.

The Collegian shows some college spirit in the matter of college songs. It is a subject that might well be taken up in other colleges.

We are always glad to get the weekly college papers, but it must be said that the monthly papers are far more interesting and widely read.

The Decaturian is interesting through and through, especially the poems of Poe, the stories, "The Mission of a Scarecrow" and "Melinda's Rebellion," the parody and the echoes from the campus.

Meditations of a Latin student:

When I am dead and in my grave,
"Arma virumque" I shall not crave;
But on my tombstone there shall appear:
"Latin was Greek to him that lies here."—Ex.

Most of the other exchanges have been giving a list of the papers they have received, and we thought it might be well for us to do the same. For the month of November we have already received the following: The Judge, The Orange and Black, The Sibyl, The Cardinal, The Lake Breeze, The Collegian, University Life, The Phonograph, The Decaturian, The Willamette Collegian, The Vermilionite, The Wabash, M. H. Aerolith, Whitman College Pioneer, The Doane Owl, The Ægis, The Acropolis, The Nugget and Weekly Chemawa American.

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